

DUTCH TOWERS

By MARTIN CONWAY



HOLLAND in its quaint way is a land of romance, but of a burgherish solid sort, the very antipodes of the romance of the sunny East. Dutch romance is the child of industry, enterprise, dogged courage, foga and waterways, and its great days fell within the limits of the seventeenth century. Then ships of Holland sailed all the seven seas and brought home wealth and tales of adventure. Then its sailors hammered at the arctic ice-pack and pushed their trade among tropical spice islands. Then it was that De Ruyter sailed up the Thames with a broom at his masthead; then, too, that Rembrandt painted and Vondel rhymed. That also for Holland was a great building age, when prosperity caused cities to grow, canals to be dug, ports to be built, and the multiplex activity of Dutchmen to manifest itself in all kinds of makings and shapings upon the surface of their amphibious land—half earth, half water. Thus it is the Holland of Rembrandt's day and thereafter that remains most interesting to the traveler, and it is the buildings then erected that are most worthy of study and presentation within her towns.

Amsterdam, when Rembrandt went to settle there about 1631, was passing architecturally through a period of transition. The small core of the city, where everything was on a small scale, still retained many remnants of the medieval age. The canals in it were narrow, the accommodation for ships was exiguous. A growing population and expanding trade were finding themselves horribly cramped.

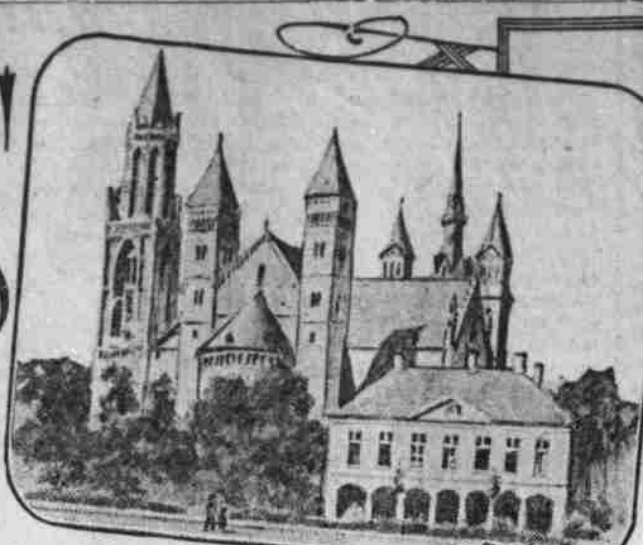
Amsterdam grew like an onion, by layers surrounding layers about a center. From time to time new rings of canals were added, with radial connections, and then more rings outside them. Of course fortified walls were erected round the whole at different dates, but they never lasted for long and had to be replaced by new circuits as the city expanded. The most of each new circuit became a canal within the next. Those who were responsible for the important changes made at the beginning of the seventeenth century had the good sense not to destroy every memorial of medieval days. In particular they spared some of the old fortification towers, applying them to a new purpose and refitting them accordingly. Thus the tower called Montelbaanstoren, which still stands by the old Schans, one of the largest basins of the earlier canal system, was a part of the medieval fortifications. They turned it into a picturesque bell tower by the addition of a superstructure set up in the year 1606. Though this was done before Rembrandt's day, he omitted the steeple in an admirable drawing he made of it, thus giving one among countless instances that might be cited, of his attachment rather to the past than to the coming taste of the people of his day. The only other high tower at Amsterdam drawn by him was the Westertoren or tower of the Westerkerk on the Prinsengracht, which unfortunately, we cannot produce in this place. That tower was a favorite with the folk of Amsterdam, and I have more than once found it referred to, in narratives of Dutch exploration, as a measure of height, as, for instance, when a glacier cliff is said to have stood out of the sea about as high as the Westertoren. It is a storied tower, composed of four retreating rectangular stages, each with columns at the angles, not unlike some of Wren's towers in the city of London.

The Westertoren, however, carries us down rather too late, when Palladian ideas were affecting Dutch architects. This was a feature of the change of taste, which made the art of Rembrandt old fashioned and terminated his prosperity. The Mint tower of 1640, and the others shown in our illustrations, are examples of Amsterdam steep architecture of Rembrandt's own generation. If they must be called fantastic they are certainly picturesque, and admirably suited to enliven a canal vista or to poke up out of a foreground of crow-stepped gables.

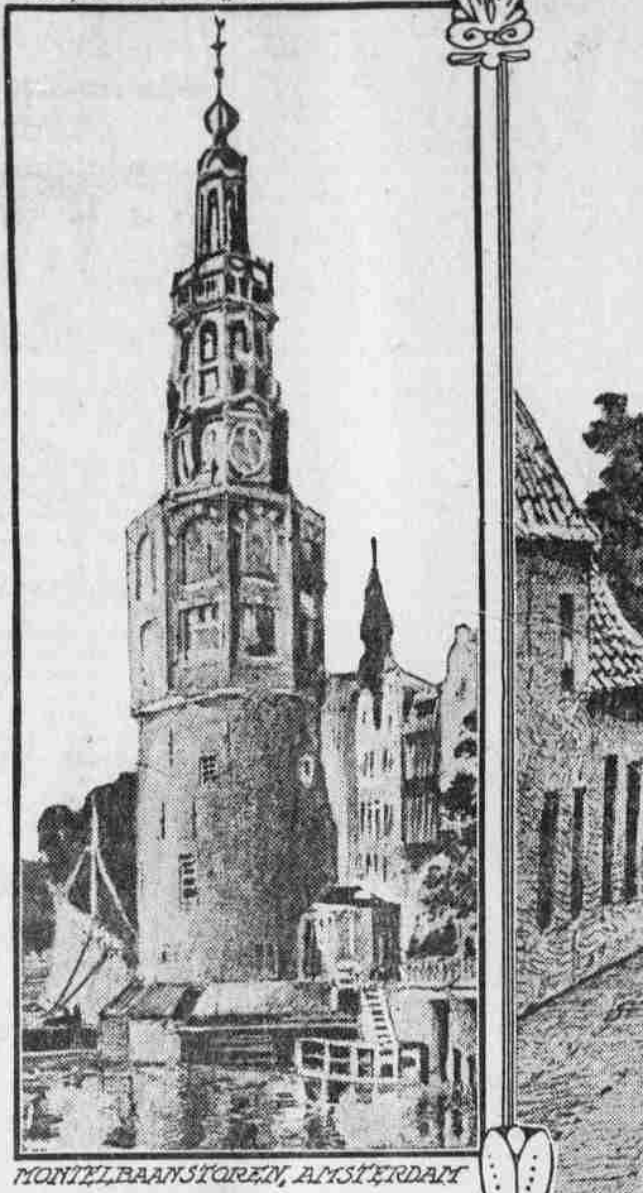
These are the typically Dutch towers, these buildings of the great days of Dutch romance. Earlier towers we can find in Holland, but they are Gothic, and reach the style elaborated in France. France also set the key of architectural style in the eighteenth century. In the seventeenth century Holland stood on her own feet, and other folk imitated the work of her artists. The Dutch style affected England; it was imitated in the remarkable buildings erected in Denmark for Christian IV. It penetrated to the ends of the earth. It went with Dutch adventurers to New York, to Ceylon, to the Cape of Good Hope, where examples of it may still be hunted out by patient searching.

Our illustrations include a few of the earlier towers of Holland, about which a word or two must be said. Here, for instance, are the Cathedral and one of the medieval gates of Maastricht, neither of them in any sense characteristically Dutch, for the Holland that the world admires was created in the fire of the Reformation wars. The cathedral church of St. Servatius at Maastricht is of early Christian foundation, and it is even claimed that portions of the existing walls date back to the sixth century. The building as we see it, however, is a great romantic church of Rhinish style, with restored eleventh century towers at the angles of its apse and a later Gothic bell tower adjacent to a side aisle. Utrecht and Delft had bell towers of a like kind, the upper story being many-sided and many-gabled. Another such tower is in Paradise itself, if we are to believe Hubert Van Eyck's picture of that delectable land, the famous altarpiece still at Ghent, unless the Germans have carried it off.

Medieval Maastricht was not a large place. The Cathedral was in the center of it; not more than five hundred yards away are the remains of the city walls of 1290. The exigencies of war make the military architecture of a given date everywhere much the same. Thus the tower-fanked south gate of Maastricht is not different in design from many another that can be found in the old cities of Europe. But though it had



THE CATHEDRAL, MAASTRICHT



MONTELBAANSTOREN, AMSTERDAM

little individuality to start with, the adventures and patchings of time have ended it with a picturesqueness of its own. The builders gave it practically no decoration, but such solid works receive all they need from the hand of time, which adds detail with unerring taste. The plainer an edifice may have been to start with, the better time adorns it, provided it has been built with sound materials, good workmanship and in good proportions. Most of England's noblest castles must have looked gaunt and even (to contemporary eyes) ugly. To the Saxon citizens of London the White (doubtless whitewashed) tower can hardly have conveyed esthetic pleasure. But time has even decorated Norman castles, so that not the baldest modern skyscraper need despair of future admiration if it can hold itself end up long enough.

Amersfoort tower is anything rather than plain. On the contrary, it is in the Gothic style tending towards flamboyant, while its general design is of the type of the tower at Utrecht, which, indeed, being only fourteen miles away, doubtless suggested it. That was built during the middle half of the fourteenth century; Amersfoort at the very end of the fifteenth. Both have the open octagonal top story already described. Utrecht is 335 feet high, Amersfoort 312 feet. The latter is considered to be the finest Gothic tower in Holland. I suppose it to have been surmounted or intended to be surmounted by a plain spire, but the present bulbous top and open-work crown were put on in 1655. Where did Holland get its taste for these bulbs? She did not have a monopoly of them, for they are numerous enough in Germany and even in Switzerland. An oriental original probably suggested them. The Amersfoort church was built in the fourteenth century, and the tower may well have been projected from the first. An explosion damaged the building, but the damage was made good and the tower fortunately escaped.

Few tourists stop at Amersfoort, but plenty of them can see the tower from the train on their way eastward from Amsterdam. The summit of it looks northward far away over the Zuider Zee, and in every other direction over a country as flat as water. There was some fun in building high towers in Holland, they could be seen from so far away. Amersfoort can hail Utrecht on any clear day, and both of them Rhinen (I imagine), which Rembrandt sketched.

Anyone who has landed at Flushing, and proceeded thence anywhere by train, has been carried for the first few miles over the amphibious region of the island of Walcheren. He has passed Middelburg and presently, if he looked away off to the left, he will have seen, at a distance of two or three miles, the little town of Veere. Both are old towns and highly picturesque. So indeed Durer recorded them to be when he visited them in the cold December of 1520. "Middelburg," he said, "is a good town, a fine place for sketching. It has a beautiful town hall with a fine tower. There is much art shown in all things here." All he has to say about Veere is that "it is a fine little town where lie ships from all lands." The object of Durer's unfortunate winter journey to the islands of Zeeland was not, however, to see towers and town halls, but to satisfy his insatiable curiosity about natural history. He wanted to make a drawing of a whale that had been stranded in those parts. Such curiosity in the case of men like Durer and Leonardo is the first indication we possess of the approach of the age of science. The whale had been washed away before Durer's

arrival, so the drawing was never made, but a chill that he caught on this journey laid the foundations of the illness which eventually carried him off. The town hall of Middelburg and its fine tower were new buildings when he saw them. The town hall and tower of Veere were some forty years older, having been built about 1470 by A. Keldermans the elder, though the statues on the facade were not added till after Durer's visit. Unfortunately the surviving pages of his sketchbook contain no drawings of these places. There is, indeed, on one page the complicated top of some tower, unnamed, the highest member of which is like that of Veere, but the rest is different. Durer was evidently entertained by these fantastic steeples and several of them appear in his sketches. In the nature of things, however, such light wooden structures are not so durable as the stone substructures. Some have perished by fire, others have lost their open-work decorations, others have had to be repaired in various degrees, and repair has generally meant simplification. The tower of Veere, however, was apparently never very elaborate, and probably remains much as it was originally built. Four-square and plain below, the stone portion is completed with a clock chamber, strengthened at the corners. Then comes a balustraded bell chamber, with a bulbous spire for roof to it, of unusually slender and graceful proportions. Little imitation dormer windows were a common decorative detail on these bulbs, but on Veere spire they are reduced to the roofs of them only. These and the Gothic crochets higher up are the only medieval elements surviving in this tower.

The town hall below contains a treasure certainly worth seeing, for lovers of fine goldsmith's work worth going to see—an admirable classification of "light" which we owe to the common sense of Doctor Johnson. How useful a guidebook to Europe, confined to the things "worth going to see," would be when peace returns, though a real peace in a once more friendly world is hardly to be looked for in the days of any but the young. The treasure at Veere is a magnificent goblet, richly enamelled and chased, which the townsfolk caused to be made for, and presented to, the Emperor Maximilian.

How they managed to have both the prestige of giving it and the solid satisfaction of keeping it is not recorded in any books to which I have access. At all events, there it remains—a very handsome example of a fine period of art in the low countries. Veere also possesses a fourteenth century church, once in ruins but now repaired; also some remarkable old houses, a fountain of 1551 and other agreeable remains. On the whole a traveler on landing in Holland might well spend a night at Middelburg, where he can hire cycle or motor and make in a single day a circuit of entertaining little places, which preserve the charms of old Holland more completely than the larger and more famous cities wherein modern life has compelled much external modernization.

ELABORATE EVASION.

"Are the fish biting now?" asked the stranger. "Yes," replied the boy. "But you ain't allowed to catch 'em."

"Do you mean to say you don't fish?"

"I don't exactly fish. But if a fish comes along and bites at me I do my best to defend myself."

close it before he is able to lift the trapdoor to reach the ladder.

Landmark Restored.

An old Long Island landmark which was used as a paper mill almost a century ago and later was a favorite haunt of William Cullen Bryant is to be restored by the poet's son-in-law, Harold Godwin. The original was blown down about five years ago. The new mill will generate electricity for Roslyn park, recently purchased by the town of Hempstead.

BASEBALL HELPS REPTILE HUNTER

American, Once He Illustrated the Curve, Had All Natives' Aid.

CATCHES 500 SNAKES

Not a Reptile in All Santo Domingo Was Safe After Clarence R. Halter's Enthusiastic Following Took up the Trail.

New York.—This is where sport put one right over the plate for science! It all happened down in Santo Domingo.

It was to this land that there traveled last May Clarence R. Halter, of the department of herpetology, and Frank E. Watson, department of entomology, both of the American Museum of Natural History, one in quest of snakes, the other of bugs. They had letters of introduction and hopeful dispositions and a zeal for work.

And yet, somehow, the respectable natives of Santo Domingo did not warm to them at first as they might, and especially the Senor Halter.

Caught Five Hundred Snakes. He came back from there a day or so ago laden with spoils, five hundred in all—the strange and solemn solenodon and the shrinking and sightless typhlops, dragged, unresisting, from its lair.

It was a hot day, and at a certain city there were gathered some hundreds of the native sons watching eighteen men playing at an American game—I would not go so far as to say that they really were playing it. There were nine players to a side, though, and there were bats and balls covered with horsehide, and things were going rather slowly on the whole. The pitcher tossed a ball as though it were an apple he was bestowing on a calf.

"Is it not the great American game of baseball?" asked a prominent citizen of the Senor Halter.

"It certainly is not," answered the Senor, who was then taking his day off and some chances.

There came over the features of the Santo Domingan an incredulous smile. He called the manager of the team and said that the gentleman from the States would be glad to show how the great game was played.

Then Box Didn't Go.

Just about forty seconds after that the Senor Halter was in the pitcher's box. First the ball trickled out from his fingers and then turned tornado. It came as though straight toward the stand! Down on their faces went the



The Inmates Were Dragged Wriggling Into the Light.

spectators, and looked up again, and— a miracle indeed—the ball had turned about in air and had disappeared! The batsman was fanning the air.

"Play yet again, Senor; you are the great wonder!" cried the most prominent citizen, and from that moment the reputation of the young scientist was made. Now he made the ball speed like lightning until it smoked its course. Again it swept about in a graceful serpentine curve. How marvelous the drops and the inshoots, seen for the first time in that part of the world! The mysteries of the spittal held the populace in thrall. They shouted for more. When the game was over the younger element insisted that the Senor should teach them all the "American pitch."

Then it was that they drew from him that he had been on the second team at Columbia University and for a time had pitched even for the regular nine.

Messrs. Halter and Watson told how much they desired to have snakes and bugs. After the explorers had scored in this way there was no snake in Santo Domingo too good for them. The swamps and thickets were ransacked and the inmates were dragged wriggling into the light. Natives who had been afraid even of a frog hunted up reptiles and placed them at the feet of the expedition.

PLEADS GUILTY FOR HIS SON

Aged Indiana Father Was on Young Man's Bond and So Saved \$100.

Evansville, Ind.—Instead of Charles Hardisty answering the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill in the circuit court several days ago, his aged father appeared in his place and pleaded guilty to the charge of assault and battery and was fined \$100 and costs.

Charles Hardisty had disappeared and the father was on his bond for \$200 and by pleading guilty for his son he saved \$100.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Hunting for Real Haunted House in Washington

WASHINGTON.—Most persons are satisfied if they can locate a place where the ghost can be relied upon to walk once a week, but in New York a society that is devoted to psychical research is much more exorbitant in its demands. It is seeking in Washington a house where the ghost is guaranteed to walk five times a week.

For such a haunted house the society will pay five times its assessed value, especially if it is inhabited by a first-class ghost—one of exorcisting moans and whose chains clank most dolefully; preferably a ghost with a gory history—the ghastlier the ghost the merrier.

The New York spook-hunting society has appealed to the Association of oldest inhabitants of the District of Columbia to please tell it of the existence of such a house, and in the letter the society mentions that it has heard that such a ghost rendezvous exists in a house "in Georgetown" and of another "near the navy yard."

The country negroes of Georgetown and those who live near the navy yard have not been especially glad to hear this. They are digging up rabbit feet and rubbing them, they are burying newly pulled teeth with incantations, and, in short, using every ghost layer they know anything about. If this psychical research society wants ghosts, emphatically the Ethiopian Society of Pork Chop Destroyers doesn't want 'em.

Washington Women Are Very Fond of Cigarettes

MAYBE you didn't know that many a young girl who walks F street in the afternoon promenade carries her silver case just the same as the young dude who flits along at her side with his cane hung upon his arm?

Surprised? Well, it is not astonishing. For, you know, they don't smoke on F street and they don't open their cigarette cases in the full glare of the sunlight while the throngs are looking on. But they smoke just the same.

Proprietors of cafes will tell you they have a hard task preventing women from smoking in public. A proprietor said recently that more than once respectable-looking woman patrons have taken out their cigarette cases and been on the verge of lighting up when a waiter has spied them and passed them the tip that the rules prohibit women doing such things.

"You know," said the proprietor, "it wouldn't just look right to see women sitting here at our tables in this fashionable cafe smoking cigarettes. With men it is different. But if the women started it, our place would be tabooed by the majority of our present class of patrons."

"Do the women smoke much?" a maid who serves as an attendant in the ladies' lounging room of one of the popular cafes was asked.

"There are plenty of them who smoke," she replied. "And they carry their cigarette cases with them all the time. But no one would know it. Their cigarette cases look just like vanity cases. You can't tell them apart on the outside. Why, just a few days ago a pretty young girl who had been dining in the cafe stopped in here to adjust her hair and powder her nose. She had on her wrist what I thought was a silver vanity case supported by a silver chain. But when she opened it, instead of taking out a powder puff, she extracted a gold-tipped cigarette and thrust it in her mouth. She offered the case to her young girl friend, and she took one, too. Then they both lit up. Rather queer, wasn't it? But say, after all, can you tell me what is the difference between a woman smoking and a man smoking?"

Weather Forecasts by the "Movie" and Wireless

WEATHER forecasts which have been disseminated over the inland states of the country for years by means of the telegraph and the printing press are beginning to reach the people of this territory through brand-new channels—by way of the "movie" and the wireless.

An enterprising proprietor of a motion picture theater in Birmingham, Ala., was the first to see the possibilities of "weather by movie," and he found Uncle Sam's weather bureau ready to co-operate with him. The forecasts were printed by the local official in charge of weather matters on celluloid films from which the emulsion had been removed, and were turned over to the theater authorities, who had them projected as an informative interlude between shows of comedy and tragedy.

Since then the display of weather information on screens has spread to 15 cities and 27 theaters. Though the theaters do not open until six or seven o'clock in the evening, after the afternoon papers containing weather forecasts have been issued, it is believed that the information reaches many independent of the "movie" weather reports.

Entirely independent of the "movie" weather reports, wireless is coming into use for spreading weather news on land after having already proved itself to be invaluable on water. Arrangements have been made to have forecasts for Illinois distributed by wireless from Joliet, Ill., in that state, to points within a radius of 125 miles that are equipped with the necessary receiving apparatus. It is proposed to send the messages at a slow rate in order that amateurs may take them, as most of the operators in reach of the sending station will be of this class.

Great Falls to Be Harnessed for the District

IN less than five years it is not improbable that the District will be using in its street-lighting system and in other ways electric energy from Great Falls, while the federal government will at the same time be using thousands of kilowatts of current in its various activities and a large surplus will be available for sale to the public.

This five-year estimate was given as conservative by Colonel Langitt, who made the most recent survey of the power possibilities, and it is thought that under present conditions the work could be completed in a less period of time.

This estimate also took into account necessary delays in obtaining title to overflow lands and other rights so that if this phase of the work were expedited the actual construction work could be completed probably in three or four years.

The army engineers, who undoubtedly will be intrusted with the job, will be able to draw upon much valuable experience in their corps, for the design of the dam which is to impound the waters of the Potomac is practically the same as that of the Gatun spillway dam in the Canal zone.

Like the isthmian prototype the Potomac dam will sweep across the space to be filled in an arc of a circle and will be surmounted by 18 gates which can be passed in time of flood. These gates will be designed so as to allow the passage of all surplus water even in such volumes as in 1899, when the highest known point was reached. Provision will also be made for the passage of ice through the gates, a problem which was not encountered in the Panama canal work.

In addition to the main dam which will keep the lake at the 115-foot level, there will be an intake dam 119 feet high protecting the power house, which will lie within the District on the north side of the river.

Best Man's Advice.

The Bridegroom (Just before the ceremony)—"I must take a brace, but I don't want to overdo it. How much ought I to take, old fellow?" The Best Man—"Well, I should keep on taking 'm till I didn't care whether I was married or not."—Life.

Chime and Chime.

It is not "positively incorrect" to use the word chimes. "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shal-low," exclaimed Falstaff; and the "Chimes of Brugue" is an expression that has been used "correctly" enough, too, a thousand times.

TELEPHONE CALL ON OCEAN

Lighthouse Near the Channel Islands Probably First to Be Equipped With the Device.

Platter Fougere Lighthouse, just northeast of Guernsey, Channel Islands, is probably the first ocean telephone call station. The lighthouse, which has no keeper, is fitted with a powerful fog signal, worked from shore by means of a submarine cable. In a fog ships creep up, guided by the fog

horn, and drop anchor near the lighthouse until the fog lifts sufficiently to enable them to take the narrow channel to the harbors of Guernsey. In such cases any pilot or ship's officer by climbing the lighthouse can ring up Guernsey telephone exchange and report his ship. The telephone is reached by climbing a 42-rung ladder to the platform outside the lighthouse doors. Before he can leave the ladder the pilot pushes open a trapdoor which covers the manhole in the platform. The arrangement is such that the pilot

cannot open the lighthouse door to reach the telephone until he has shut down the trapdoor over the manhole. The act of opening the outer light-tight door connects the telephone circuit outside the lighthouse with the telephone, which is kept locked. Only one wire in the cable is available for the telephone, and even this wire is required for other purposes, and closing the door after using the telephone connects up several telltale devices. The lighthouse door cannot be left open by forgetfulness because the pilot must

close it before he is able to lift the trapdoor to reach the ladder.

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